

OLD BONES

old bones dance
he cried
and they did
around the house
old bones do more
than dance
he shouted
and they did
old bones fly
he screamed
and they did
through the glass

-- Herb Wrede

Ontario CA

IN THE KITCHEN

nude
in the hot breeze of the fan
mother and daughter
move about
their bodies lithe
and tan
their bottoms white
like moons

IN THE YARD

coming home at dusk
Becky
we'd see
under the giant oak
our five kittens
prancing after
fireflies

THE PEACEABLE KINGDOM

in the morning after rain
I stand in the doorway
marvelling
at the waterdrops
on my daughter's
blue tricycle

-- Ben Jacques

Tucson AZ